

# The Bugle-Bow :

OR,

## A Merry Match of Shooting.

All you that do love Archery,  
I pray you now for to draw nigh,  
And you shall hear before you go,  
The Shooting in the bugle-bow.

The Tune is, My Husband is a carpenter; or, the Oyl of care.



**U**Pon a time it chanced so,  
abroad as I did walk,  
So secretly, they did not know,  
I hard two Lovers talk :  
The one a pretty handsome Youth,  
the other a proper Maide,  
After a salute, they did dispute,  
beset with cupid's aid.  
With kisses and with Complements,  
he did this Maideen greet.  
And courteously he did reply,  
O gallant Lady sweet.  
A match sweet Lady I would make,  
before from hence I go,  
If thou with me a part wilt take,  
to shoot in the Bugle-bow.  
Alas good sir you are deceiv'd,  
no part with you I'll be,  
I am too young, and skill have none  
in any Archery.

For never had in all my life,  
the truth of all is so,  
For dare I not for fear of strife,  
to shoot in the Bugle-bow.  
Lady, I pray you be content,  
plead not your tender age,  
The Birds do sing in merriment,  
though pin'd up in a Cage.  
My love to you, I hold is true,  
though none thereof do know,  
Do not deny this courtly fe,  
to shoot in the Bugle-bow.  
Good sir, I thank you for your love  
which you do bear to me ;  
But yet I further mean to p'sbe,  
e're I a part will be :  
For why, much danger follow may,  
for ought that I do know,  
If I shou'd p'side to you this day,  
to shoot in the Bugle-bow.

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Fair Lady, I know no danger  
that can to it belong;  
You know I am no stranger,  
then why should you fear wrong?  
O yield I pray, make no delay,  
but now some favour show;  
By part now take, for true-love sake,  
to shoot in the bugle-bow.

But when this Damself she did hear,  
her Sweet-hearts kind reply,  
No longer she could then forbear  
his loving courtesie.

Sweet-heart, said she, a part I le be,  
ere I from you do go;  
Ile draw the string, and fear nothing  
to shoot in the bugle-bow.

This Maid bent up her noble Bow,  
and strongly drew the string,  
Her Game it then so well did go,  
it made her for to sing.

But yet the young-man plaide his part  
for he thre for one did go,  
But lost the Game, yet nere the worse  
to shoot in the bugle-bow.

But when this Game it ended was,  
this Damself did reply:

Good sir, you see this Game is lost,  
you can it not deny.

Therefore I say if you will play  
once more before you go,  
Your part Ile take, and not for sake,  
to shoot in the bugle-bow.  
That Match Sweet-heart, it pleaseth  
I will not it deny;  
I see thy skill in Archery,  
thou willing art to try.  
Thereto I let's to it once again,  
our Archery to show,  
Thy part Ile take, and not for sake  
to shoot in the bugle-bow.  
But when the game it ended was,  
together this couple went,  
Amends this Damself for to make,  
it was his full intent:  
And he married her most willingly,  
for fear of further woo:  
His part she did take, and not for sake,  
to shoot in the bugle-bow.  
So to conclude you Maidens fair  
tho now do hear this song,  
These Lines I have ded eared here,  
I hope will do no wrong;  
For they were writ in merriment,  
as well you all may know,  
Of a Maid that willingly was bent,  
to shoot in the bugle-bow.